

The Historie of

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he helde,
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his nose, and tooke away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkt,
And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,
To bring a slouely vnhandsome coarse,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,
VWith many holy day and lady termes,
He questioned me: among the rest demanded,
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestred with a Poppingay.
Out of my grieve and my impatience
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad,
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God saue the marke:
And telling me, the soueraignst thing on earth,
VWas Parmacity for an inward bruse,
And that it was great pittie, so it was
This villanous saltpeter should be digde
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth;
VWhich many a good tall fellow had destroide
So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,
He would haue beene himselfe a souldiour.
This balde vnioynted char of his (my Lord)
I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

Henry the fourth.

And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accusation,
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord
VWhat er'e *Harrie Piercie* then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonable die, and neuer rise,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he vsay it now,

King. VWhy yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with prouiso and exception,
That we at our owne charge shall ransome straight.
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,
VWho in my soule hath wilfully betraide,
The lines of those, that he did lead to fight,
Against the great Magitian, damned Glendower,
VWhose daughter as we heare, the Earle of March,
Hath lately married? Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with feares,
When they haue lost and forfeited themselves.
No, on the barren mountaine let him sterue,
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
VWhose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer?

He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre, to proue that true,
Needes no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,
Those mouthed woundes which valiantly he tooke
VWhen on the gentle Seuerns siedgie banke
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathd, and three times did they drinke,
Vpon agreement of swift Seuerns floud
VWho then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

B. 3

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